

SUMNER HIGH SCHOOL



June 1930

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THE ECHO



Vol. VII No. 2

Sumner High School, Holbrook, Mass., June, 1930

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THE SENIOR CLASS

Top Row: Gordon Kelly, Thorndike Flye, Henry Kemp, Allan MacKinlay, Joseph Stonkus, Clifton Baker, William Stodder, Philip Tierney, William Sullivan.

Fourth Row: Evelyn Sullivan, Evelyn Salter, Ora Randall, Catherine Gilley, Edith Johnson, Dorothy Brown, Ruth Dyer, Katherine Hickey.

Third Row: Wallace Dana, Harriet Wiggins, Muriel Harris, Roger Poole, Henry Drummond, Carlton Waters, Alphonse Cartullo, Verna Thomas, Marjorie Still, Robert Batchelder.

Second Row: Penelope Hutchinson, Edith Shipley, Irene McCarthy.

First Row: Carlton Wilbur, Anna McCarthy, Christina Callahan, Stanley White, Wallace Hancock, Dorothea Loeffler, Myron Holbrook, Pauline Blanchard, Lucy Harris, Ardelle Wilde.

DEDICATION

This issue of the "Echo" is affectionately dedicated to the present senior class of the Sumner High School. It is to the members of the class of 1930 who have successfully worked in behalf of the school that the staff extends every sincere wish for their success in the role of alumni.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Clifton Baker (Cliff)

South Franklin St., Brookville

Hobby: Aeroplanes

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

Activities: Hockey 4; Baseball 4.

Cliff is the boy who had a chance to be in the Senior Play, but hockey proved too strong an attraction, and he just couldn't come to rehearsals. He is rather a bashful boy, too. We heard that it took him nearly six weeks to screw his courage to the point of asking one certain person to march with him at Reception. Who'd a thunk it?

Robert Batchelder (Batchy)

South Franklin St., Brookville

Hobby: Cedar Hills

"Good things come in little packages."

Activities: Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Echo 3; Hockey 4; Athletic Drama 3, 4; Senior Drama 4.

He may be small, but—oh my! And what a drag he has with a certain teacher! No names mentioned, of course, but two and two equal six many a time. And an athlete! Yes, yes! Hockey, baseball, basketball—sports, no end! Yes, and no end to his sarcasm, either, some of us can testify. Bob, have you learned the "Bunny Hug" yet?

Pauline Blanchard (Polly)

28 Weymouth St.

Hobby: Walking fast.

"Of manner gentle, of affections mild."

Pauline is quite studious and a rather clever writer. Pauline was the winner of the Prize Essay Contest about the Armistice. If you never walked to school with her, you ought to try it—guaranteed to make your legs ache in three minutes.

Dorothy Brown (Brownie)

38 Maplewood Ave.

Hobby: Freckles

"Silence is the best ornament of woman."

Activities: Basketball 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3; Vice-President of Class 3; Echo 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Drama 3, 4; Typewriting Awards.

Besides her athletic prowess, Dot's quite an artist. She designed the cover of the "Echo", you know. Brownie's rather speedy—she leads the typing class in speed awards. And what is more, she is very popular with Bobby! Shades of Stubby and Sammie Bell!

Christina Callahan (Cal)

Pleasant St.

Hobby: Dark Nights

"I will take you home again, Christine."

Activities: Echo 3, 4; Commercial Club President 4.

A cute colleen is Christina. She can smile at the right time and be serious at the right time, too, which is some accomplishment in a class like ours. She is a genius at writing up basketball games she has never seen. How do you do it, Chris? (No slam intended—merely wistful envy.)

Alphonse Cartullo (Soupie)

South St., Brookville

Hobby: Studying

"The unknown quantity."

Alphonse has been with us the whole four years in high school, but we never got to know him so very well. He is quiet, and is always one of the first ones to hand in his bookkeeping sets completed—we know that much, anyway. He is one of those rare creatures who uses a study period as it is intended. We wish you luck, Alphonse.

Wallace A. Dana (Nancy)

Weymouth St.

Hobby: Talking about Dana

"Thy middle name is modesty."

Activities: Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 4; Athletic Drama 4.

Wallie, where did you get that nickname? We always called you Wallie, and then we went to the ball games and heard yells of "Hey, Nancy, cop that fly!" or similar elegant expressions. De we detect a gentle sarcasm in the name? Never mind, good luck to you as a bookkeeper.

Henry Drummond (Betty)

Belcher St.

Hobby: Cultivating Roses

"Youth calls for pleasure

Pleasure calls for love."

Activities: Basketball 4; Track 1, 2.

What a line Henry has! We think he would give his own grandmother a line! He merrily goes his way—we wonder if he ever studies, although we do hear unsubstantiated rumors to the effect that he does, occasionally. Did you ever hear about Henry's losing his class ring in a dirt pile? Hehehehehehehehe. Now we'll tell one.

Beatrice Sawyer (Bea)

Garfield Road

Hobby: Reading

"Quietness is an art not achieved by many."

What a snappy boy she makes! We have seen a corking snapshot of her thus, and you should have. Beatrice is quite fond of French in her quiet way. Success is our wish to you in whatever you may try.

Edith Shipley (Ship)

Upland St.

Hobby: Must be a secret

"Cheerio, to an English lassie."

Activities: Basketball 3; Basketball Manager 4; Senior Play 4.

There's good advice in the quotation "Gentlemen prefer blondes", Edith. We half-way envy blondes. Edith is such a quiet girl that you might not notice her, but she's a good friend to have. Her specialty is being a French maid. She is so petite, you know.

Marjorie Still (Madge)

Howard Ave.

Hobby: Motorcycle riding

"Gentlemen prefer blondes."

Activities: Athletic Drama 3.

Madge is a short cute blonde who just loves to go motorcycle riding—or she used too, anyway. Sometimes she looks very sleepy when she comes in in the morning. We wonder why! Oh, yeh. "Somebody's Stenog" is her ambition, we hear.

Joseph Stonkus (Joe)

Spring St., Brookville

Hobby: Bus-boy

"The fiery charioteer".

Joe's main business is carrying the elite (?) of Brookville to school in his truck. He is quite serious and quiet, even in our frivolous history class.

Evelyn Sullivan (Sullie)

Linfield St.

Hobby: Miss Gegan's studio

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair."

Just before the last bell rings each morning, you can see Sullie scoot in. How she times it so exactly is a never-ending source of wonder to the rest of us. But at night she doesn't always race in—never—remember some of those nights, Sullie?

William Sullivan (Sullie)

Adams St.

Hobby: Imitating Tierney

"I am a little shadow."

Miss Collins accuses William of patterning himself after Tierney. Cheer up, the first hundred years are the hardest. You can "sink" the basketball neatly, anyway. As a catcher, you have the handicap of being Pat's successor, but you "done noble".

Philip Tierney (Jim)

South Franklin St.

Hobby: Goin' fishin'

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

Activities: Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4.

Jim is the personification of ambition—nit! He lazes into one class, has a rest, and ambles to the next—and gets by! The funny part is that he can be really intelligent if he wants to be—you should see him play first base—if he isn't one snappy ball-player, we miss our guess. Do we miss our guess?

Verna Thomas (Tubber)

South Franklin St.

Hobby:

"Round, rosy, and jolly is she."

Activities: Track 2, 3; Basketball 3.

What a guard Verna made in her Junior year! She might almost be called "Stone-wall". Verna is plump and jolly with a great love for walking (until she gets a ride). She and her sidekick, Harriet, may be seen thus employed at almost any time of the day.

Carlton Waters (Pat)

Division St.

Hobby: Marion

"One must have confidence to win."

Activities: Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Track 1, 2; Echo Staff 3; Class President 2, 3; Athletic Play 3; Hockey 4.

The town's best butcher plays a mean game of baseball. It's a pity that the two interfere. Pat's quite a shiek. He has only to smile, and they all come flocking.

Stanley White (Scout)

Union St.

Hobby: Heh, heh

"A bashful little boy." (?)

Activities: Echo 2; Athletic Drama 3; Class Officer 4.

Is he bashful? "Some say yes, some say no". We say NO! Most emphatically. What curls that lad does have. Sometimes we call him the shiek, for he is fond of looking well. And he slings a mean ankle. Sshh! He has a weakness for blondes from Melrose. Also, he has a weakness for taxis—and yes, we almost forgot—escalators.

Harriet Wiggins (Blondy)

Plymouth St.

Hobby: Conversing with Verna

"A blonde, with eyes like deep, deep pools."

(Alabama Bound)

Harriet is another one of these flirtatious blondes! We seem to have quite a few of them in our class. She is to be seen almost any night down at Verna's—we wonder what she and Verna find to talk about so lengthily. We shall have to tune in some night.

Ruth Dyer (Rootie)

Cedar Hills Road

Hobby: ED!

"He loves me, he loves me—nit!"

(The Arrival of Kitty)

Activities: Echo 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Athletic Drama 3.

Ruth is not athletically inclined, but when she gets into the rumble seat of that Essex—oh, oh! We always heard that opposites attract, but it seems that these blondes are the exception that prove the rule. Rootie is, on the side, a bit of a musician, eh?

Thorndike Flye (Flukie)

Snell St.

Hobby: Horsetrading

"Reckless youth makes rueful age."

Activities: Treasurer of League 4; Echo 3, 4; Baseball Manager 4.

"Brother" is quite a boy. He loves horses and riding in or on anything. Have you heard of his trip to Pawtucket with Hazel, and about the signpost? Fluke is industrious—always trying to turn an honest penny some way. He's quite popular with the girls, too. Perhaps it's the horns or the lights on his Essex—only thirteen lights and four different horns.

Catherine Gilley (Cath)

Plymouth Street

Hobby: Moving Pictures

"Proud and tall is she, like a cedar."

Activities: Senior Drama 4.

Oh, Catherina—don't be leaner! As Aunt Jane you were a peach. Have you yet learned to faint properly? And has Chick learned how to catch fainting ladies in the approved drawing-room fashion? We wonder.

Wallace Hancock (Wally)

281 South Franklin St.

Hobby: Apparatus work

"Bid me discourse, and I will enchant thine ear."

Activities: Echo 2, 3, 4; President of League 4; Basketball 3, 4; Basketball Captain 4; Athletic Drama 3; Senior Play 4; President of Class 4; Editor of Echo 4.

Wally is quite a boy, as his activities show. His ambition is to be a Coast Guard Officer. If he continues as he has done, he probably will succeed. You should see what a lovely girl he makes—especially as "Kitty", the second, in "The Arrival of Kitty."

Muriel Harris (Sue)

Plymouth St.

Hobby: Has she one?

"A girl there was with quiet ways."

Muriel is Lucy's sister, but she really isn't very much like her. Muriel has been with us all four years in high school, a quiet girl who bothers no one. We hear that she would like to be a nurse—wishes, best!

Lucy Harris (Lucy)

Plymouth St.

Hobby: Giggling

"A bright and buxom maiden was she."

Lucy is always laughing about something—and usually at the wrong time—except when that dead bee stung her. How well we remember that incident. Yes, sir! A DEAD bee stung Lucy, and it stung her good and properly, too. However, don't let that discourage you, Lucy. Persevere in whatever you do.

Katherine Hickey (Kay)

South Franklin St.

Hobby: Being with Irene

"Quietness is a virtue."

You very rarely see Katherine without Irene or Rita. Katherine is a very quiet girl in school, but we have heard her talk occasionally outside. Perhaps she is patterning herself after Cal Coolidge—who knows?

Myron Holbrook (Chick)

North Franklin St.

Hobby: Music

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast."

Activities: Echo 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Class Treasurer 2, 4; Baseball 4; Basketball 4.

Chick is one of these quiet, unassuming lads who never pushes himself forward, but who always comes out near the top. We hear Chick is learning to be an expert organist—he can play the banjo and piano very well now—success to you, Chick!

Penelope Hutchinson (Penny)

26 Maplewood Ave.

Hobby: Essexes

"One who voices her thoughts."

Activities: Basketball 3, 4; Echo 3, 4; Athletic Drama 3; Senior Play; Track 1, 2; Vice-President of Class 2; Lunch-room 3, 4.

The girl with snap and style to her. She has a way of squelching would-be wise-crackers that is a constant source of envy and admiration to the rest of us. She was Jane, the heroine, in the Senior Play, and how she did (or does) love her hero!

J. Allan MacKinlay (Mac)

North Franklin St.

Hobby: Cedar Hills

"A pleasing figure is a thing of joy."

Activities: Echo 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Athletic Drama 4.

Oh, that girlish figure! But they tell us, as we go to print, that he is on an eighteen day diet. Shouldn't need to, with the exercise he gets in going to the popular Cedar Hills section. Allan came to us in our Sophomore year. Wish you and your wise-cracks had been here always, Allan, although we do not always care for your taste in ties.

Edith Johnson (Johnny)
Pleasant St.

Hobby: Giving someone a line
"Merry and wise, and always ready
to smile."

Activities: Basketball 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3.

Edith's quite an athlete and an awful tease. Has she ever told how well she can crawl in the window during the wee, small hours? She plans to be a physical education instructor. Hope you succeed, Edith!

Gordon Kelly (Spider)
Sprague Ave.

Hobby: Writing Wild West stories
"And young Lochinvar rode out of
the West."

Spider is the bane of Miss Megley's existence with his continuous writing of wild and wooly Western stories. We think some of them are pretty good, and—with his sarcasm—Spider should crash the gates to some magazine.

Henry Kemp (Kempie)
Vining Ave.

Hobby: Blushing
"Better a blush on the cheek than
a blot on the heart."

Activities: Senior Drama; Hockey 4;
Basketball 4.

This blushing lad is an Adonis says Miss Megley, and she should know. Henry isn't really bashful. At least he didn't get stage struck in the Senior Play, and he can make love quite convincingly. Our class didn't know Henry well until our Junior year when he became a member.

Dorothea Loeffler (Thea)
North Franklin St.

Hobby: Dancing
"A daughter of the gods."

Activities: Class Secretary 1, 2, 3, 4;
Athletic Drama 4; Secretary Comm. Club 4.

Dorothea is the Senior Fashion Plate; how some of the girls do gaze with envy at her varied wardrobe. And what a light fantastic toe she can trip! We have "her'n tell" that Dorothea is quite partial to the Fair Grounds end of West Elm Street—oh!! oh! Yet with all her "dates" Dorothea is a good typist and "shorthandist".

Anna McCarthy (Mac)
South Franklin St.

Hobby: Fellows
"Straight as an arrow is she, straight
and true."

Activities: Basketball 3, 4; Echo 3, 4;
Track 2, 3.

Anna's graduation will leave a never-to-be-filled hole in the basketball team. What a marvelous shot she is—baskets from almost anywhere. Anna is always looking for a good time—and she usually finds it. Best wishes, Anna! We'll miss you.

Irene McCarthy (Mac)
Pleasant St.

Hobby: Pounding Pavements
"She that winketh the eye causeth
sorrow."

5' 2", eyes of —. What color are your eyes anyhow, Irene? Some shade of purple gray. Some eyes, anyway, we all admit. We could place a safe bet on the fact that those eyes are not just going to waste. Irene can hum beautifully, too. You should hear her and Dot Brown when the two of them get to going (with Henry Drummond occasionally chiming in) in Bookkeeping. Now we know why Miss Damon has a worried look at times.

Roger Poole (Poolie)
Plymouth St.

Hobby: Abington girls
"And a-courting he would go."

Roger is a would-be sheik—oh "those tie, that sox, and them perfume"! Each evening Roger goes abroad to Abington—what for, Roger? And did you see the snappy bright red felt hat Roger has? It is quite stunning, to say the least.

Ora Randall (O, Ray)
South Franklin St.

Hobby: Drums
"Music is an art."

Ora is quite an artist on the traps, so we don't see much of her outside of school. In the languages she is quite good and corresponds with three or four French fellows. Ora plans to be a nurse. Looks as if the M. G. H. will gain three or four Summerites this year.

Evelyn Salter (Peanut)
The Square

Hobby: "Johnny's"
"An hour's sleep before midnight is
worth two after."

Evelyn is a great frequenter of Miss Gegan's studio, also, and what wild times we hear about. And all those Johnny's that she and others converse about so fluently. Apropos of nothing, we hear her favorite song is "Sweet Adeline". There, Evelyn, how's that?

William Stodder (Red)
Plymouth St.

Hobby: Irritating Miss Collins
"He's so tactful, aren't we all?"
Activities: Basketball 4; Baseball 4;
Athletic Drama 4.

Bill (he is called Red only on the baseball diamond and basketball court—why, we never could fathom) always seems to say the wrong thing at the wrong time in our renowned shorthand class. If there is a moment of silence, Bill feels it is his duty to fill it in—and he does it. We're sure Miss Collins will miss his enlightening remarks next year. He can do some nifty catching of flies in the outfield. Can't you, Bill?



CLASS OFFICERS

Top Row: Myron Holbrook, Treasurer; Stanley White, V. President,
Front Row: Wallace Hancock, Jr., President; Dorothea Loeffler, Secretary.

Ardelle Wilde (Jeff)
 North Franklin St.

Hobby: Acting

"Mistress Courtney, quite contrary."

Activities: Athletic Drama 4; Senior Play 4.

The above "quotation" does not seem to rhyme, somehow, but it fits. Also, we never called Ardelle Jeff in our life, but we asked her what her nickname was, and Ardelle says "Jeff", so Jeff it shall be. She is some actress—she had highly dramatic parts in both plays this year. And she was some Kitty! Well we remember the smack she gave Kempie that nearly knocked him

over. We would bet that Kempie remembers it very well, too. Jeff (there!) is going to Art School. Many happy returns, and all that.

Carlton Wilbur (Carlie)
 Plymouth St.

Hobby: Automobiles
 "Slow but sure."

Carlton is quiet, never attracts much attention, and on the whole is rather harmless. He does not mix much with the other shieks, but goes his own way. We never learned to know you very well, but—good wishes, anyway.

School Notes



CAST FOR "THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY"

Top Row: Myron Holbrook, Wallace Hancock, Jr., Robert Batchelder, Henry Kemp, Allan MacKinlay.

Front Row: Ardelle Wilde, Edith Shipley, Penelope Hutchinson, Catherine Gilley.

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The Seniors this year have gone in for nearly everything that the school has offered in the way of activities. Wallace Hancock, J. A. MacKinlay, Stanley White, Wallace Dana, Robert Batchelder, William Stodder, William Sullivan, and Myron Holbrook have been the supporters of the boys' basketball team. The girls' basketball team had for its Senior members Penelope Hutchinson, Edith Shipley, Dorothy Brown, and Edith Johnson. The baseball team which commands so much of our attention at this time of year includes in its members Wallace Dana, Robert Batchelder, William Sullivan, Clifton Baker, William Stodder, and Myron Holbrook. The High School Orchestra has been quite an asset at our school entertainments. A greater part of the Orchestra is made up of freshmen, sophomores, and juniors, leaving only two seniors in its membership, Myron Holbrook, banjoist and Ruth Dyer, pianist.

Ruth E. Dyer, '30.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

"Senior Play"

The Senior Class play this year was TRES BIEN! Discussion of the play hasn't stopped yet. People are still saying, "Didn't Wallace Hancock play the part of 'Kitty' well!" And they are perfectly justified in saying so, for we don't believe that any high school boy could have done better in playing the part of a girl. Penelope Hutchinson as Jane was our idea of what a perfect heroine should be. Her voice was clear, and her acting very natural. Poor Aunt Jane! She certainly was an obstacle in the path of matrimony, but we can't blame that to Catherine Gilley. It was her part, and she had to play it—and she did it well. Allan MacKinlay as Sam surely did look a misfit in that half grown suit of Bobby Batchelder's (Ting), and Robert wasn't a very serious matter with that sofa pillow puffing out front. And Ardelle Wilde as Kitty! We must admit that if she showed such flaring up qualities in school as she did on the stage—

Well——. The cast was as follows: Winkler, Myron Holbrook; Aunt Jane, Catherine Gilley; Jane, Penelope Hutchinson; Bob, Wallace Hancock; Benjamin Moore, Henry Kemp; Kitty, Ardelle Wilde; Suzette, Edith Shipley; Sam, Allan MacKinlay; Ting, Robert Batchelder.

The play centers about the will of Jane's father. The provisions of the will being that Jane marry Benjamin Moore if she wishes to inherit her father's money. Bob is in love with Jane and hearing of her uncle's determination to marry her Moore tries to find a way by which he can win her for himself. He learns of Kitty, an actress, with whom Winkler (the uncle) has been very friendly. Winkler had been trying to hide the matter from Aunt Jane (his sister) because she would be scandalized. Bob dresses as Kitty and makes his appearance at the Hotel. Winkler tries all methods of getting rid of him but fails. In the meantime Moore arrives, and to make matters more complicated, Aunt Jane falls in love with him. After this episode the real Kitty arrives much to the horror of William Winkler. Matters are pretty complicated—two Kitties, Aunt Jane in love with Benjamin Moore, Jane's fiance and Bob and Jane on the outs because Jane thinks he is to blame for this Kitty being at the hotel and accuses him of holding a former friendship with her. Matters at last work out, and Benjamin Moore with a settlement of money matters is to marry Aunt Jane, for in the will there was no statement as to which Jane should marry him. Needless to say, Bob and Jane make up their differences, and all ends well.

Ruth E. Dyer, '30,
Class Editor.

JUNIOR NOTES

April 4, 1930, the Junior Class held a meeting in charge of the president. The meeting was called to get all the class dues paid so a Prom could be held. The following committees were appointed: Tickets and door, E. Hayden, Chairman; M. Andrews, C. Rosenquist. Decorations, F. Tibbetts, Chairman; M. Reagan, W. Parker, B. Grindle. Advertising, D. Shipley, Chairman; A. Johnston, L. George, V. West, D. Webber. Orchestra, A. Johnston, Chairman; D. Mills, V. West, H. Wiggins. Ice Cream, John Feeney, Chairman; N. Smith, R. Hutchins. Chaperons and officers were left to the president. April 7, 1930 the president, Norman Smith, called a meeting to change the date of the Prom to May 16, as the date decided on before was not a convenient night. The tickets were voted upon, also that the Prom should be a semi-formal affair.

A. D. Mills, 31.

* * *

Miss Knutson: "First I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform."

Hancock: "That's a good idea."

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

The Sophomore class were very fortunate in having the Laurel Social Club secure Rev. Harrison, a native of Australia, as a speaker. He held the interest of the teachers and pupils when he spoke about his native land. Mr. Harris gave picturesque illustrations during his talk. The program proved to be very interesting and educational as well as entertaining.

The Sophs seem to be very lazy this year. Only one class meeting has been held this term, at which the election of officers took place. It is about time we were considering a class banner if we wish to be represented at graduation.

Adrienne McMurray, '32.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshman class meeting held Thursday, January 23, 1930, was presided over by Robert Martin, temporary chairman.

An election of class officers was held at which Kenneth Stanley was elected president. The meeting was then turned over to him by Robert Martin. The remainder of the officers were then chosen as follows: President, Kenneth Stanley; vice-president, Margaret Huskins; secretary, Evelyn Koski; treasurer, Robert Harris.

Helen Kelly.

COMMERCIAL NOTES

In February the Commercial Club held a Bridge and Whist Party in the high school hall, which netted quite a sum of money for the benefit of the Moving Picture Machine. Thirty tables of whist were played and eight of bridge. Many beautiful gifts were donated by the local dealers as well as from firms from Brockton and Boston. The committee in charge of the affair was Annie Johnston, Anna McCarthy, Irene McCarthy, and Christine Callahan. Miss Damon and Miss Collins of the faculty contributed to make the affair such a success.

FASHION SHOW

On May 12, 1930 the Commercial Club held a Fashion Show in the assembly hall. The clothes were furnished by Wm. Filene's and Sons of Boston. Frocks for misses as well as teachers' frocks were shown. This proved a financial success as well as an entertainment. This affair netted \$12.30.

The models were Irene McCarthy, Annie Johnston, Dorothy Brown, Dorothy Mills, Dorothea Loeffler, and Marjorie Still.

Miss Collins: (discussing secretarial qualifications): "You should never wear run-over heels when applying for a position—your heels are sure to be noticed."

A. McCarthy: "Huh! It's not your heels they look at."



THE "ECHO" STAFF

Back Row: Francis Moran, Helen Kelly, Robert Martin, Rita Hutchins, Adrienne MacMurray, Dorothy Mills, Allan MacKinlay Second Row: Norman Smith, Dorothy Brown, Harry Wiggins, Anna McCarthy, Christina Callahan, Myran Holbrook, Ruth Dyer, Front Row: Hugh Smith, Everett Hayden, Penelope Hutchinson, Wallace Hancock, Thorndike Flye, Florence Tibbetts, Emory Mann.

JANUARY MEETING

The January meeting of the League was held at our own High School. This was an honor we coveted, for the League hadn't met here for about four years.

The meeting, with Mr. Christiansen, Superintendent, presiding, opened with a general meeting in the Assembly Hall where directions were given for the various departmental meetings. The usual departmental meetings were held from four to five, after which dancing was enjoyed until six o'clock. The Sumner High jazz orchestra played for the dancing. While this was going on, the advisory board meeting, with Mr. Mack in charge, was held in Room 9.

The supper, which was delicious, was served by the Benevolent Society of the Congregational Church.

Afterward all adjourned to the Assembly Hall for the evening's entertainment. The business meeting with the reports of the meetings were held.

We waited for Mr. Craighton J. Hill from the Babson Statistical Institute and finally decided to have the first act of our entertainment, the play, "Alabama Bound", while waiting. Mr. Hill arrived to give his speech after the first act was over. The play was enjoyed immensely by our guests.

Penelope Hutchinson, Student Delegate.

MARCH MEETING

Hanover entertained the League at the March meeting. The assembly was welcomed by the principal of Sylvester High and was told how to reach the rooms where the departmental meetings were being held. Following these meetings, the advisory board held its meeting. Dancing in the assembly hall was enjoyed by those not attending this meeting.

Supper was served in the Congregational Church, and it was here that we earned the name of "High Hat". Some of us still

wonder why the President and Treasurer gave us that name.

Several speeches were given when we returned to the High School; one of these was given by James McAleer, last year's president of the League.

An interesting program was presented by the students of Sylvester High School. This included a one act play, "The Other Kitty".

Penelope Hutchinson, Student Delegate.

THE ELECTRICAL ASSEMBLY

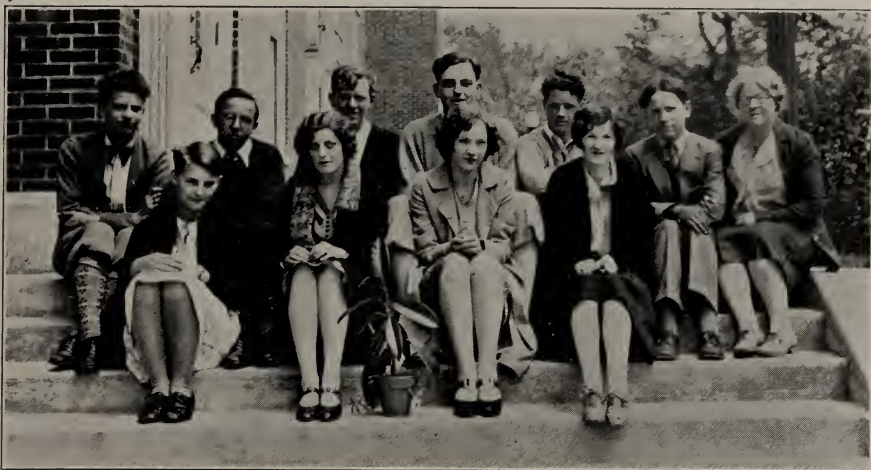
On April 23 Mr. Roy Smith introduced Mr. Harry White of the General Electric Company.

Mr. White had some very valuable electrical experimental equipment set up on the stage. He had a huge coil surmounted by a large brass ball.

With the assistance of Fred Kierstead Mr. White performed experiments guaranteed to make your hair stand on end. When the electricity was turned on, huge electric sparks jumped from the brass ball. Mr. White caught the spark on the end of a rod he had in one hand while an electric light was lighted in his other hand. He made a light on the top of his head, and Fred Kierstead drew a spark about one inch and one-half long from the top of Mr. White's head.

He took down the large coil and set up a small one in which he placed two gas filled bulbs. When the electricity was turned on, one bulb glowed or shone with a purple light, and the other with a red light. The purple one was giving off ultra violet rays while the red light was giving off infra red rays. One meant life, the other death, respectively.

We were very fortunate to see these and other experiments as they had only been performed in New England once before and at that time before a group of electrical engineers. Wallace Hancock, Jr.



CAST FOR "ALABAMA BOUND"

Top Row: Harry Wiggins, Everett Hayden, William Stodder, Allan MacKinlay, Robert Batchelder, Wallace Dana, Miss Megley (coach).
Front Row: Carol Coulter, Ardelle Wilde, Dorothea Loeffler, Dorothy Brown.



ORCHESTRA

Left to right: Miss Murphy (Instructor), Sisig Garabedian, Hugh Smith, Frances Ahern, George Daley, Ruth Dyer, Adrienne MacMurry, Gordon Whitcomb, Emerson Lucas, Jean Decosta, Charles Eaton, Myron Holbrook, William Hutchinson, Ralph Ferino, Francis Moran.

ALUMNI NOTES

Frank White, who was a graduate in 1926, is graduating this year from Amherst Agricultural School as a landscape gardener. At the Class Day exercises, Frank has been selected to have one of the important parts. He is to deliver an address.

Mary Michaels, a graduate of 1928, has just recently married. She is now Mrs. Maxwell Matthewson.

Dorothy Ahern, a graduate of 1929, is now Mrs. Albert Wright.

Marion Hill, who was a graduate of the class of 1928, and spent last year at Normal Art School, Boston, changed her art course for physical culture. This past year she has spent at Sargent's Physical Training School.

Lawrence Dalton has resigned from his work at the Barbour Welting Company

and has secured a position as clerk at the Dunnington Drug Store in Holbrook.

Evelyn Hill, who graduated in 1929, and who was a prominent member of the Echo Staff, has won a Scholarship in Boston University, where she has been a student this past year.
A. McCarthy.

The following letter was received from Northeastern University:
Dear Mr. Neal:

It is a pleasure to inform you that Mr. Alfred E. Therrien, who was graduated from the Holbrook High School in 1925, received last June, the degree Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering with honor, from the faculty of the School of Engineering, Northeastern University.

While at Northeastern Mr. Therrien was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

TYPING ASSEMBLY

On April 22, 1930, the Commercial Club was very fortunate in having the World's Champion Typist, Mr. G. C. Kingsbury, give a demonstration on the Royal Typewriter. Mr. Kingsbury explained different things about typewriting which many of the high school students have profited by since his demonstration. He typed at various rates and speeds for certain lengths of time. Some of the rates and speeds at which he typed are: 252 words a minute, 134 words a minute, 128 words a minute, and 126 words a minute. He took a letter in shorthand at 100 words a minute and transcribed at the rate of 108 words a minute. Mr. Kingsbury has typed at the rate of 252 without a single error.

VOCATIONAL ASSEMBLIES

Northeastern University

An assembly was held in the school assembly hall. The program was opened with a selection by the school orchestra, followed by the salute to the flag. Norman Smith, president of the Student's Association, introduced the speaker of the day, Mr. Milton J. Schlagenhauf, director of admissions at Northeastern University, who gave a very interesting and helpful talk on "Choosing a Vocation." The assembly was closed with another selection by the orchestra.

ASSEMBLY

Tufts College

On May 15, an assembly was held at the high school hall. The students entered to a march played by the school orchestra and then gave a salute to the flag. Mr. Samuel Connor, Professor of Civil Engineering at Tufts College gave an interesting talk, his topic being, "The Advantages of a College Education." Frances Moran having thanked Mr. Connor at the conclusion of his speech, the pupils were dismissed from the hall keeping time to another march by the orchestra.

EXCHANGE NOTES

The UNQUITY ECHO (Milton)

Your book is well done and shows work on the part of the staff. Your poems and editorials are pleasingly written. The one-act play was one of unusual plot.

The REFLECTOR (Weymouth)

Your literary departments are very good. The Crystal Ball livens up the whole magazine. Why not add some poems? I missed the editorial department.

SPICE BOX (Avon)

Your editorials and stories were very good. Alumni, exchange and joke departments were well written up. Why not add some poems and an athletic department?

The PILGRIM (Plymouth)

Your book was well received. The Spanish column was something new to me; I have never happened to see one in a magazine before. The principal's column was certainly interesting. As a whole your book is excellent.

The RECORD (Boston English High)

The Record is new to the exchange department of The Echo. The editorials and athletics were well done. Some more short stories and poems would help make the book much more attractive, I'm sure.

RED AND BLACK (Whitman)

The Red and Black contains many excellent short stories, and the editorials win very favorable comment. Your poems are very good. Don't you think that you could find room for an athletic department?

The GREEN PARROT (Mansfield)

The Green Parrot staff should get a lot of credit for the magazine. The jokes were very good and quite original. Don't you think you should add some more stories and some editorials?

The ARGUENOT (Norwood)

The Arguenot is a very interesting book. It certainly has some very good stories in it. The extracts from the "Ulster County Gazette" was something we probably would not know about if it had not been in the Arguenot. The club news was very interesting. Why not add a few more jokes?

The QUILL (Kingston)

Your magazine was well liked because of the wealth of poems and stories. "Mad Music" was a story full of suspense and thrills. I think your joke department could be enlarged.

The SACHEM (Middleboro)

The Sachem contains a very good short play, "The Little Guy". The magazine also contains a very good School Notes department and the editorials are rather good.

The RECORD (Utica Country Day School)

This is the first book received from a private school. It was enjoyed very much. The short stories were very good. The poems show that the school has some very good poets. Don't you think that you could insert an editorial or two?

Harry J. Wiggins,
Exchange Editor.

Miss Knutson: "What country is noted for its nitrate beds? Is it Chile, Poole?"

Poole: (waking up just in time to hear the last four words) "Yeah, kind of. Why don't you shut the window?"

* * *

W. Parker: (giving logical definitions in English) "A chair is an article of furniture used as a seat for people having four legs and a back."

HONOR ROLL

Grade A Pupils

Senior

Dorothy Brown—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Pauline Blanchard—2.
 Stanley White—2.

Junior

Marion Behan—3.
 Everett Hayden—3.
 Norman Smith—3.

Sophomore

Ruth Churchill—4.

Freshman

Barbara Brooks—3, 4.

Grade A and B Pupils

Senior

Wallace Hancock—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Myron Holbrook—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Pauline Blanchard—1, 3, 4.
 Catherine Gilley—2, 3, 4.
 Stanley White—1, 3, 4.
 Christina Callahan—1, 2.
 Henry Kemp—2, 3.
 Penelope Hutchinson—4.

Junior

Rita Hutchins—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Marion Behan—1, 2, 4.
 Everett Hayden—1, 2, 4.
 Carl Rosenquist—2, 3, 4.
 Norman Smith—1, 2, 4.
 Dorothy Shipley—1, 2, 3.
 Helen Morse—2, 4.
 Marieta Regan—2, 3.

Sophomore

Francis Moran—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Ruth Churchill—1, 2, 3.
 Arnold Orcutt—1, 2, 4.
 Carol Coulter—1, 4.
 Ruth Dickerman—2, 3.
 Felix Kenstowiz—3, 4.
 Adrienne MacMurray—1, 3.
 Hugh Smith—1.
 Alice Sullivan—1.
 Myrtle Rollings—4.
 Dorothy Sawyer—1.
 Iza Michaels—2.
 Clinton Leonard—4.

Freshman

Dorothy Andrews—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Ruth Bettencourt—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Lucy Cartullo—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Robert Harris—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Kenneth Stanley—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Leslie Thorud—1, 2, 3, 4.
 Pearl Gilley—2, 3, 4.
 Evelyn Koski—2, 3, 4.
 Olive Grindle—3, 4.
 Hope Leach—3, 4.
 William Hutchinson—1.
 Helen Kelly—1.
 Margaret Huskins—4.
 Edith Killen—4.

Explanation: 1, 2, 3, 4 are for the four ranking periods from September to May.

HONOR ROLL IN TYPEWRITING

1929-1930

Pupils	Award	Machine Used
Dorothy Brown,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Dorothy Brown,	Certificate,	Underwood
Dorothy Brown,	Bronze Pin,	L. C. Smith
Dorothy Brown,	Silver Pin,	L. C. Smith
Christina Callahan,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Dorothea Loeffler,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Myron F. Holbrook,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Dorothy Brown,	Bronze Pin,	Underwood
Ardelle Wilde,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Ora Randall,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Dorothy Brown,	Silver Pin,	Underwood
Evelyn Sullivan,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Henry Kemp,	Certificate,	Underwood
Christina Callahan,	Certificate,	Underwood
Marjorie Still,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Anna McCarthy,	Certificate,	Underwood
Ora Randall,	Certificate,	Underwood
Anna McCarthy,	Certificate,	L. C. Smith
Dorothy Brown,	Gold Pin,	Underwood
Pauline Blanchard,	Certificate,	Underwood
Evelyn Sullivan,	Certificate,	Underwood

SUMNER HIGH SCHOOL

S is for Sumner, our old school so dear,
 That Seniors ne'er leave without dropping
 a tear.

U is for under the grade we all get,
 I mean any one who isn't teacher's pet.

M is for Miss and Miss Megley at that,
 She's our English teacher and what she
 says is pat.

N is for nice, that surely is us,
 We never act naughty nor kick up a fuss.

E is for Earnest, we always are that,
 Especially with teachers when we have a
 spat.

R is for rules "Don't Talk in the Hall",
 'Cause if you're caught, you feel kinda
 small.

H is for high as our marks should be,
 Soon come report cards, then we'll see.

I is for idle which we never are,
 For afternoon sessions are not very far.

G is for girls, at Sumner the best,
 E'en tho' some think they are awful pests.

H is for hill up which we must toil,
 Or else a low mark our report card'll spoil.
 Dorothy Shipley.

Thank You.

To the pupils of the school, advertisers,
 and typists, whose co-operation has made this
 issue such an interesting and successful paper,
 we extend our sincere appreciation. We hope
 that all the readers will patronize those who
 are advertising in this, our graduation issue.

Stranger: "Tell me, have any big men
 ever been born in this city?"

P. Tierney: "No, sir, only babies."



THE BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row: Myron Holbrook, William Stodder, Wade Hooker, Joseph Callahan, George Kemp. *Second Row:* John Johnston, Harold Walsh.
Front Row: William Sullivan, Wallace Dana, Robert Martin, Robert Batchelder.

BASEBALL Schedule

Scituate—Wed. April 17
 Middleboro—Mon. April 21
 Thayer—Wed. April 23
 *Middleboro—Mon. April 28
 *Thayer—Fri. May 2
 *Avon—Mon. May 5
 Canton—Wed. May 7
 W. Bridgewater—Fri. May 9
 *Sharon—Tues. May 13
 *Canton—Fri. May 16
 Sharon—Mon. May 19
 Avon—Fri. May 23
 *Scituate—Tues. May 27
 *W. Bridgewater—Mon. June 2.
 Randolph—Tues. June 10
 *Randolph—Fri. June 13
 *Away Games.

GAMES

Two pre-season practice games were played with Braintree, one at Holbrook, and one at Braintree. S. H. S. dropped both these games to Braintree. The pitching and fielding of both teams was rather ragged.

S. H. S.—Scituate

This game, scheduled to be played on our home grounds Wednesday, April 17, had to be postponed to Friday, 27, on ac-

count of rain and general bad weather. Although Scituate is supposed to be South Shore League champions, and although they won the game, they were by no means way ahead of our boys as the final score showed Scituate only two points to the good. Though there was bad playing, the good play and hitting of S. H. S. evened up. The final score was Scituate 15—S. H. S. 13.

S. H. S.—Middleboro

The first game of the season, due to the postponement of the Scituate game, was played with Middleboro on our home grounds. This first game of the season did not show our team up so well, but the results of early season games have no bearing of late season games whatsoever. The Middleboro offensive as well as the defensive was better than that put up by S. H. S. Nevertheless, the team kept plugging along, managing to keep away from the shutout mark by several runs. The final score was Middleboro 15—S. H. S. 6.

S. H. S.—Thayer Academy

This game, as well as the previous one, was played on our home grounds. This game with Thayer Seconds marked the first win by S. H. S. to be chalked up on our own little private scorecard. Still, our

young spitball pitcher, showed his mastery of the white apple throughout the entire contest. To back up the pitching was a lot of peppering of the opposing pitchers offerings. Final score S. H. S. 12—Thayer 9.

S. H. S.—Middleboro

The first away game of the season was played at Middleboro. Not much can be said about this game as it was practically a repetition of the game played at Holbrook with Middleboro. It seems that if one thing on the team goes bad every part of it is hit by old man bad luck. The real baseball machinery of our team refused to function properly this day. Final score Middleboro 14—S. H. S. 9.

S. H. S.—Thayer Academy

This game played on Thayer's home grounds proved to be what is called in baseball vernacular a "Whizzer". This game was a very tight contest, the two teams being so evenly matched that the game ran to eleven innings before S. H. S. forged ahead with two runs to win. In the ninth inning the teams were in a deadlock; this ran through the tenth to the eleventh. As S. H. S. were the visitors they were up first. Two runs were shoved across the plate before Thayer could manage to put out three men. In the last of the eleventh our boys held Thayer scoreless. The game ended with the score S. H. S. 16—Thayer 14.

S. H. S.—Avon

The game played with the second half of the foregoing title was played in the partly reconstructed Highland Park Amphitheater. This game very nearly became another "whizzer" as the score was nearly the same throughout the contest. In the last of the ninth the score was tied, but Avon managed to squeeze one run over the plate to win the game. Final score Avon 9—S. H. S. 8.

S. H. S.—Canton

This home game with Canton was played with a team clearly out of the class of S. H. S. Our team did the best they were able and kept their opponents score from becoming too large in the opening chapters, but, as the game drew out, Canton's hitting became better, and our's became worse. Towards the last of this tragedy in nine acts the Canton runs fairly flew across the old home pan. Final score Canton 20—S. H. S. 8.

S. H. S.—West Bridgewater

This game was almost as bad a massacre as the previous rout. West Bridgewater put up a strong pitcher who kept the hits of our team well scattered. Our men played well in the field but seemed unable to connect with the horsehide. Final score, West Bridgewater 12—S. H. S. 3.

S. H. S.—Sharon

After a bad slump in our score column this game was a bright light in the darkness of despair. Our team trekked to Sharon, and although they brought no bacon home with them, they at least got a little salt pork. This game was a snappy contest from start to finish even though Sharon had a good hold on the best part of the score throughout the game. Final score Sharon 15—S. H. S. 12.

J. Allan MacKinlay, '30,
Athletic Editor.

SUPPORT

Can we live without food? No!

Can athletics live without money? No!

As well as money and next to money to feed athletics, is support, genuine support. If we do have losing teams, we need the support all the more. A winning team doesn't need to be spurred along, but a losing team does. Why is it that we can't see more rooters out on the benches when there is a game going on? If you feel that you cannot help us with money, help us by your presence; that means a great deal more than nothing. It costs nothing to come out on the bleachers to root for the old S. H. S. Remember, it's your team, your school, and your school is your future; so let's not just see the same old supporters, but let's see some new ones to go along with them. Come on, pull for Sumner High!

J. Allan MacKinlay, '30,
Athletic Editor.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year has certainly been a record year for the girls' basketball team. They have surely lived up to the prediction of last year. It was only through inexperience of the game that they met so many defeats last year, as it was the first year of Girls' Basketball at Sumner High School.

This year the team's standing is grade A. Under the careful coaching of Miss Richardson, the girls have been trained in the game, and with the squad's co-operation she has been able to bring the team to the top. She had many shining stars to pick her team from this year and from the results of the season's playing you will all agree, I am sure.

At the beginning of the season the girls met and elected captain and manager, who are P. Hutchinson, and E. Shipley, respectively. Miss Shipley, the manager, obtained games which are listed in the schedule below.

Jan. 3	Norwell
Jan. 10	Alumni
Jan. 17	East Bridgewater*
Jan. 21	St. Mary's High*
Jan. 24	West Bridgewater*
Jan. 31	Randolph
Feb. 5	East Bridgewater

Feb. 7 Sharon
 Feb. 14 West Bridgewater
 Mar. 4 Sharon*
 Mar. 11 Norwell*
 Mar. 14 Randolph*

*Games away from home.

S. H. S. vs Norwell Jan. 3

The first basketball game of the season was played at Holbrook with Norwell as the opposing team. Sumner High School Girls showed Norwell that they wouldn't have all the honors this year. With snappy forwards like L. Regan, A. McCarthy, and D. Brown the Norwell girls found it hard to get a chance to sink many baskets. The teamwork displayed by both teams was excellent, but Sumner High girls showed their ability over the Norwell girls when it came to scoring. The final score was 19-8. Miss Ladd, Referee.

S. H. S. vs. Alumni Jan. 10

On January 10, a great game was played in the high school gym. The Alumni against Sumner High. This game was a most thrilling game in which last years' players with the help of Grace McCarthy, former B. U. star suffered a bad defeat. The score was 40-18. Sumner High Girls were sinking baskets left and right, and at the end of the first half S. H. S. was 26 and Alumni 4. In the second half A. McCarthy went on the Alumni side and then the Alumni scored a little, but not enough to meet the final score of S. H. S. 40-18. Referee, Miss Richardson.

S. H. S. vs. East Bridgewater

Sumner High girls met their first defeat of the year at East Bridgewater. The East Bridgewater girls won by a margin of two. This game was played on a gym floor which was two-thirds the size of our gym floor. At the end of the first half A. McCarthy for S. H. S. and Nucartie for East Bridgewater seemed to be the shining stars, but it can not be left unsaid that the teams did not show perfect pass work and cooperation. The second half brought into the limelight the other two forwards, M. Regan and Gonsalves, of S. H. S. and East Bridgewater, respectively. The final score was 18-20 in favor of East Bridgewater. Referee, Miss Ladd.

S. H. S. vs. St. Mary's High

Tuesday, January 21, the Sumner High School Girls travelled to Taunton where they played a game very different from their usual procedure. In this game they played boys rules, and others besides the forwards on Sumner's team showed that they were capable of making baskets, as well. For St. Mary's only the forwards seemed to be able to make baskets. The scorers for S. H. S. were E. Johnson, M. Regan, D. Brown and A. McCarthy; while G. O'Connor and M. Russell of St. Mary's were the stars for the losers. The final score was 26-7 in favor of S. H. S.

S. H. S. vs. West Bridgewater

Friday, January 24, West Bridgewater came down off her perch and gave in to the team which they found so easy to beat last year. Sumner High girls showed their skill in the game with their passwork and teamwork. As well as having several alert forwards, we have two very dependable guards, E. Johnson and A. Johnston who have proved their worth on the team. In this game Brownie and Regan were the highlights for Sumner, and Washburn and Roscoe, for West Bridgewater. The final score was 28-16 in favor of Sumner High School.

S. H. S. vs. Stetson High

January 31, Stetson High Girls tasted defeat at the hands of their rivals S. H. S. There has been a great deal of rivalry between Stetson High and Sumner High in the line of athletics, and as both teams have a fairly good standing in basket ball, it meant quite a lot for S. H. S. to pile up this victory on Stetson. The Brown-McCarthy team in the second half for Sumner High worked as well as the Brown-Regan team in the first half. For Stetson, White and Drummond, speedy forwards, caged the baskets for the losers. Final score was 16-11. Referee Donnelly.

C. Callahan, '30

Athletic Editor.

BASKETBALL

Sumner 13—Norwell 29

The first game of the S. H. S. Basketball Season was played on Sumner's home floor. Norwell showed they did not fear our team as they started the game with their second string men, but they were forced to put in their first team. S. H. S. put up a hard fight, but as there was no scientific play, Norwell beat us to the tune of 29-13. Waters and Dana were high scorers for S. H. S., Flett for Norwell.

Sumner 6—St. Mary's 44

The second game of the season, also played on the home floor, showed S. H. S. highly outclassed by a great deal superior outfit. The striking team play of St. Mary's School of Taunton proved too much for the unorganized playing of our own team. Waters was the only scorer for S. H. S. and Corcoran was high scorer for St. Mary's.

Sumner 14—E. Bridgewater 36

Game number three, played with East Bridgewater, was the first away game of the season. This game, as those previously played, was a flop in the minds of the S. H. S. aspirants. One event that produced a spark of new hope was that of having a new coach who took command on the day of this defeat. This game, as well as the others, showed that team play is necessary for scoring. The S. H. S. fought a hard game, always on the short end of the score, which ended S. H. S. 14, East Bridgewater 36. Tierney was high scorer for S. H. S., Feeney for East Bridgewater.

Interest begins the 15th of the month

Last Dividend was at the rate of 5%

Deposits received from \$1.00 to \$4.00

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The Bank on the Hill

Main Street at Court

The Pursuit of a Better Income

Knowledge is power. It opens the way to greater opportunities, increased income and more abundant happiness.

In this section are the finest knowledge giving institutions in the United States. Doubtless, courses are offered that would be of direct benefit to you.

Are there courses you would like to take if you only had the money to pay for them? Is there someone in your family whom you would like to help through college or a business school?

The Brockton Morris Plan offers the individual a financial service on a business basis for financing just such constructive needs as this above.

What are your needs? Call in and tell us.

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GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM

Row 1, left to right: Anna McCarthy, Edith Shipley, Penelope Hutchinson (Captain), Lorine Regan, Helen Kelly. Row 2: Anne Johnston, Dorothy Brown, Marieta Regan, Alice Sullivan. Row 3: Eleanor Wood, Carlyn Jervey, Edith Johnson, Miss Louise Richardson (Coach).

Sumner 10—St. Mary's 63

This game was a repetition of the first defeat suffered at the hands of St. Mary's, except that it was worse, due to the game being played at the Taunton Boys' Club, the home floor of the St. Mary's High outfit. The S. H. S. outfit struggled valiantly but without reward. The final score, S. H. S. 10, St. Mary's 63, taught Sumner not to again venture out of its class. Waters and Stodder shared scoring honors for S. H. S., and O'Donnoll for St. Mary's.

Sumner 12—W. Bridgewater 30

The game played at W. Bridgewater showed that the coaching of Mr. Jack Walsh was very slowly taking effect. Some semblance of team work was noticed in this. This game proved a case of over confidence as the S. H. S. team thought that W. Bridgewater would be an easy mark due to the fact that W. Bridgewater had won no games, but once again our team was forced to taste defeat rather bitterly. Final score S. H. S. 12, W. Bridgewater 30. Tierney was high scorer for S. H. S., Fanton for W. Bridgewater.

Sumner 18—W. Bridgewater 18

This game, played on our home floor, came the nearest of any game of the season to being a win. This game was so closely played that it was necessary to play an overtime period to break a tie score. With the game over but a foul shot to be tried for, an S. H. S. player tossed the ball in for the point necessary to tie the game. Because of this deadlock a three minute overtime period was played. As the referee's whistle blew for the end of the period, a W. Bridgewater player tossed the ball in for another defeat for the Blue and White. Final score, Sumner 18, W. Bridgewater 20. MacKinlay was high scorer for S. H. S., Bisbee for W. Bridgewater.

Sumner 13—Stetson 28

In this game the old rivals, Sumner High of Holbrook and Stetson High of Randolph, met for the first time on a basketball court. The coaching of Mr. Walsh had by this time taken noticeable effect on the playing of the team. The ball was continually worked down to the basket, but it seemed that the ball could not be forced in. If half the shots taken by our team had gone in the basket, S. H. S. would not have landed on the short end of the 28-13 score. Waters was high scorer for S. H. S., Nugent for Randolph.

Sumner 7—E. Bridgewater 26

In this game played on the home floor, S. H. S. took a slump, not even getting their score out of the single digits. Although the score was not anywhere near even, the team play of the S. H. S. squad was becoming more pronounced. Much credit is to be given E. Bridgewater's captain, Pittsley, in his fine defensive game. Final score, Sumner 7, E. Bridgewater 26. Dana was high scorer for S. H. S., Bird for E. Bridgewater.

Sumner 10—Sharon 26

This game with Sharon on our home floor showed us the best scholastic guard that had ever played on that floor. Hagen of Sharon was, although not scoring an astounding number of points, the backbone of his team. S. H. S. played a good offensive game, but, as in previous games, many close shots failed to be counters. S. H. S. was not so good on the offense due to Hagen's marvelous playing. The game ended with the score Sumner 10—Sharon 26. Waters and MacKinlay were high scorers for S. H. S., Stratton for Sharon.

* * *

Customer: "Do you carry B-eliminators?"
H. Wiggins: "No, sir, but we have roach powder and some fly swatters."

ALDEN HOWARD

Mrs. Walter R. Cartwright

J. Joseph Hurley

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BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row: William Stodder, Stanley White, Allan MacKinlay, Harold Walsh
Second Row: William Dana, John Sullivan, Wallace Hancock, Emory Mann, Myron Holbrook

Sumner 15—Norwell 30

This game played at Norwell showed decidedly the results of playing in an unfamiliar gymnasium. The Norwell floor is the smallest court we are obliged to play in. After playing and practising on our fairly good sized floor, it seemed that we were hardly able to breathe at Norwell. The Norwell team, naturally used to their own floor, tossed the ball in without hardly moving. Because of the small floor a great deal of shooting was done on both sides. Many S. H. S. shots missed that were excitingly close. Dana and Batchelder were high scorers for S. H. S., Cavanaugh for Norwell.

Sumner 7—Randolph 26

The last game of the scheduled encounters was played on Randolph's home floor. This gym like Norwell's is rather small after our large one. Randolph had several fast players who seemed to be everywhere at once. Near the end of the game several S. H. S. sophomores and freshmen were put in the game. They showed up rather well under fire and hinted that next season Sumner would have a winning combination. The game ended with the score standing Sumner 7, Randolph 26. Hancock was high scorer for S. H. S., Cushing for Randolph.

Sumner 12—Boston School for Deaf 26

A post-season game not on the schedule was that played with the Boston School for the Deaf of Randolph. This game was played on our home floor before a fairly good crowd. Malinski of the Randolph School was the star of the game. There seemed to be no place on the floor from which he could not drop the ball into the basket. Final score, Sumner 12, Boston School for the Deaf 26. Batchelder was high scorer for S. H. S., Malinski for Boston School for Deaf.

J. Allan MacKinlay, '30.

Athletic Editor.

Sumner 9—Sharon 18

At Sharon we visited the best gym in our circuit of games. Because of Sharon's lack of Hagan, their star guard, S. H. S. was able to end the game with a less opposing score than that of the game played on their home floor. The lack of Hagan showed he was Sharon's backbone. At this game it seemed impossible to get our team to clock properly although the fast guarding of Hancock prevented Sharon's score from becoming large. The size of the gym may have been some handicap as it was bigger than ours, and all others on our circuit are smaller. Final score, Sumner 9, Sharon 18. Batchelder high scorer for S. H. S., Roach for Sharon.

* * *

Mother: "Who taught you that wicked word?"

Allan: "Santa Claus."

Mother: "Santa Claus?"

Allan: "Yep, when he tripped over my bed Christmas morning."

* * *

Traffic Cop: (angrily) "Do you know anything about traffic rules?"

Miss Collins: (sweetly) "What is it you wish to know?"

* * *

Penny: "You're going to drive me out of my mind!"

Allan: "That's no drive! That's a putt!"

* * *

Miss Murphy: (to the orchestra) "We will now play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'."

W. Hutchinson: "Good night! I just got through playing that!"

* * *

First Freshman: "I wonder why Verna Thomas is so good-natured?"

Second Ditto: "Probably because it takes so long for her to get mad clear through."

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THAT DEBT

You knew you owed it, and you just couldn't remember to pay it. You had at various times the necessary money to pay the debt, but there was something else that you had seen and, of course, wanted. So you let the other debt wait and bought what you had just seen.

Or perhaps you hadn't the money and had forgotten the money and had forgotten to ask for it. Then someone reminded you of that debt, and you felt a queer pang in the vicinity of your stomach, and then began worrying. You soon stopped, however, when something else came along.

Then again when you were thinking about something or perhaps nothing in particular, That Debt suddenly came to mind. You did forget it again, but if you have to kick yourself every time you forget it, remember to pay your Class Dues. When you have, you will be sure not to get gray hair from worry, and you'll know that it is helping others besides yourself.

Don't forget. Remember your Class Dues will count later on.

Ruth Bettencourt, '33.

OUR MOVING PICTURES

The motion picture machine which our school owns has been used many times this year for educational and entertaining purposes. The school has seen during this year one movie every two weeks. These pictures were put on every other Wednesday in the assembly hall of the school. The cost of admission was five cents, and, in this way, the school was able to hire bigger and better pictures. The pictures presented at these times were mostly educational with a comic strip once in a while. Some of the pictures presented were the Romance of Rubber, The Volcano, Paper, Insects, Views of Yosemite Park, Coal, Iron, Salt, and a Mack Sennett Comedy.

Three moving pictures have been put on for the purpose of raising funds for different departments of the school. The first one was put on by the "Echo". It was rather an experiment to find out how the people would support such an entertainment. When this movie proved to be a success, two more were put on at different intervals for the benefit of the Athletic Department. The latest picture to be put on this year was presented

on May 22 under the supervision of the Senior Class in French, and Miss Bartlett, head of the French and Latin departments. The proceeds of this picture were added to the Students' Association Fund.

Wallace Hancock, Allan MacKinlay, Ruth Dyer, and Penelope Hutchinson, under the supervision of Mr. Neal, were the operators of the machines during the entire year.

Everett Hayden, '31.

FINANCIAL NEWS

The school paper, the "Echo" is issued twice a year, the first issue in December and the second issue in June. There are between thirty six to forty four pages, each page costing three dollars and twenty cents to print.

The cuts which are put in the paper, cost from four to eight dollars each.

The Echo surely needs its advertisers to help support the paper.

The advertisers, about sixty or seventy, for a full page pay ten dollars; for half page, five dollars; one quarter of page two dollars and a half; one fifth of a page two dollars, and one tenth of a page one dollar. This amounts to about one hundred and fifty dollars.

The Echo if it depended upon its subscribers would not be able to pay for itself, for the cost of printing the paper amounts to one hundred and twenty five to one hundred and fifty dollars.

The Echo staff not only appreciates its advertisers, but also its subscribers, and takes this opportunity of thanking both in helping to make both issues financially successful.

Miss Megley: "Mann, give an example of a preposition."

Mann: "To."

Miss Megley: "MacPherson, give another."

MacPherson: "Three."

* * *

Seen on a test page: "Four lines of poetry make up a quadrille."

* * *

Brookvillite: "Brookville is a beautiful village; look how well it's laid out."

Holbrookite: "Yeah, it ought to be well laid out; it's been dead long enough."

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A TREASURE HUNT

It was midnight! A lonely road curled through a lonely stretch of woods. In the moonlight two boys could be seen trudging down the road. One, a short red-headed fellow, was carrying a shovel and a lantern. The other, who was tall and lanky, was carrying a pick and rope.

He was whispering, "It ain't far now, Bill. We can take a short cut here."

Here they crossed the road and went up a hill. The woods enclosed around them, and again they crept along in silence. At last they arrived at their destination. It was a rotten, broken-down old house.

Bill said, "Well, here we are. Now, what do we do, Jackie?"

"Well," replied Jack "Here are the directions. Read them yourself. I got it all marked out. All we have to do is dig it up."

Bill read the note. It was torn and crumbled with age. It read, "We had it in the closet for a long time. It was a great relief to get it out of the house. It is hidden twenty feet from the shed on a direct-line with the big maple tree."

"Well," said Bill, "maybe we have some treasure after all."

"Guess we better be getting busy. Here's the place."

And so they lit the lantern and started digging. When they were about two feet down, they struck a large rock. They pulled this up, and there lay a large iron-bound box. Out they pulled it and gazed with awe on it. At last Jack picked up a shovel and broke the lock. In there lay their treasure. Bill stooped down and lifted the lid. They raised the lantern and looked upon their treasure. There curled up lay the skeleton of a cat.

Two boys trudged home by the light of a paling moon. Neither one spoke to the other. What was the use in talking? They had many miles to go and a lot of explaining to do when they got home.

William Taylor, '33.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

"Let's just make it a little picnic in the woods, this week," said Bill.

"All right, just to be different, but next week I want to go to that new beach I spoke to you about two weeks ago," answered Gertrude.

"Don't you ever get tired of beaches and crowds? I'd like to go where it's quiet once in awhile."

"Why? Because it makes such a hole in your pocket-book?"

"You know that isn't it! When we're there, we're in on every thing. Aren't we?"

"Don't get cross, dear. You know I didn't mean it, but I like the crowd and the excitement."

So it was decided that they would get a little lunch and have a picnic in the woods. They found a side street off the main road and followed it until they came to a small pine grove.

"Here's just the place!" exclaimed Bill. "Here's a natural driveway for the car and a swell little clearing over there."

"Look, there's a brook way over to the right," chirped the now gleeful Gertrude.

Bill put his car in the natural driveway and took out the lunch-basket and a couple of blankets to sit on.

"I've got some dandy sandwiches that I made myself," said Gertrude.

"Well, I'm going to have a fire and fry some bacon and eggs, right here in the opening. Do you want some?"

"I'd rather have the sandwiches and ginger-ale," said Gertrude.

"I'll bet you'll want some bacon and eggs before you're through!" prophesied Bill, a flicker of amusement crossing his face.

Bill found some stones near-by, and with these he built a fireplace. In it he built a fire of dead pine-wood. Down near the brook he found an old piece of tin which he put over the fire and made the fire-place just like a stove. On this he cooked his dinner. Gertrude sat watching him, interested in the creation of a stove and how he was going to cook his bacon and eggs. Soon the odor of the bacon and eggs began to make itself known. With amusement, Bill watched Gertrude as the odor made her mouth water. When the dinner was all cooked, he got a couple of paper plates and a couple of knives and forks and took up the dinner.

"Want some now?" he queried, his eyes sparkling enjoyment.

"Don't be like that! How could I resist it?" came the reply.

So they both sat down and ate heartily. Bill cooked two eggs apiece and then called it a day. Then he got some water at the brook and heated it on the fire to wash the spiders and the silverware.

"Let's look around for flowers and birds," suggested Bill.

"Let's That'll be great fun," chimed Gertrude, who had now entered into the spirit of the occasion.

So after extinguishing the fire, and putting away the lunch basket, which still contained the sandwiches, they started out to look at nature.

"Look! What are those little white flowers over there?" asked Gertrude.

"Anemone," said Bill. "See, some are pink, and the others are plain white."

"The pink ones are the prettiest, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Bill, "they have prettier leaves, too. See, they are darker than the others."

"What are those stately white ones?" asked Gertrude a few minutes later.

"Those are trilliums. I haven't seen any of them for a long time. I don't think there are many of them."

So they traveled on through the woods, finding many flowers and seeing a few birds. Returning to the car, they were both tired and happy from their walk. Gertrude had a huge bouquet of flowers of all sorts, which she had collected during the walk.

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Arriving at the car, they entered and sank wearily on the soft cushions of the car seat.

"Tired?" asked Bill.

"I'm tired," she replied, "but I'm happy. I was never so happy before in my life."

Following this was a few minutes' interval of silence.

"Do you know," she said, "I'd like to come out here again—next week."

Emory H. Mann, '32.

SERGEANT WHITE

The low dull drone of an aeroplane reached the ears of a small band of rustlers hidden deep in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. As aeroplanes were so seldom seen in that part of the country, the men hastened to a small clearing in the woods and gazed sky-ward.

There in the sky just above them soared a monoplane. Something was wrong! That could be seen in an instant. Lower and lower came the plane, the X-44, with its motor kicking and sputtering. In another moment it soared upwards, and then it went into a vertical dive, and then the plane disappeared behind the huge trees. A moment later a loud crash sounded over the Rockies.

"Come on, fellows, we've got to get that aviator out of that wreck," shouted Spud as he started for the plane.

"Just a minute," cried a voice. Everyone stopped short in his tracks.

"See who he is first. If he is a Royal Mounted, let him die. If he isn't one of them, save him," said Joe Black, "El Capitan," leader of the biggest gang of rustlers in Canada. "If you save him, let him think that we are getting out lumber from these woods. Our big lumber mill will prove that to him. As for our numerous head of cattle, tell him we need it for beef to feed our men."

The men pushed forward and soon arrived in the small hollow where the plane was thought to have landed. Yes, sir, there she was blazing like fury. There standing with a doeful look on his face watching her burn was a young man.

"M-m-my sh-ship is b-burning up," stammered he, giving the men a sorrowful look. "It isn't m-m-mine. Wh-what will I d-do n-n-now?"

"Anything, anything," cried El Captain. "What's your name?"

"M-my n-name is T-Tom Atwood Wh-Wh-White," replied the young man. "How am I g-g-going to g-get out of these b-b-big woods?"

"You'll get out soon—when we take you out," explained Joe. "That won't be until the middle of the next month when we go down to Deighton for supplies. This is a lumber camp, and we can't afford to lose time by taking all the 'birds' that drop from the sky back to civilization."

"Wh-wh-what you s-say g-g-goes for m-me," replied Tom with a stupid grin. "G-g-got anything to eat? G-gee, I'm nearly st-starved."

"Take him to the mess hall, Bill," called Joe to one of the men. "See that he gets plenty to fill him up. I'll see you later, Thomas." Joe Black turned and walked away while the stupid youth was pushed toward the mess hall.

This was the arrival of Sergeant Thomas Atwood White in the rustlers' camp. He claimed that it was Lady Luck that had led him straight to the rustlers' camp that he was hunting for.

As the time went on, that "stupid" Tommy became the handy fellow about the camp. If they wanted kindling wood, it was Tommy who got it. Tommy never forgot that he was a stupid person, in fact, if anyone had not taken it for granted that he was dull as he looked and had watched him closely, they might have said that he carried his stuttering and stammering too far, but no one bothered to watch him.

A little later he was allowed to join in some of the deals that the gang was carrying on. By this time he had (supposedly) stumbled on that fact that it wasn't only lumber that the leader Joe, and the men were interested in.

That first month he had gone to town with Bill in order to catch the train home, but he missed the only train home, but he missed the only train (not accidentally as it seemed). So a few months later he was looked upon as a full-fledged member of the gang. He now went to Deighton alone for supplies, and he was well known by the people of that little town who made all manner of fun of him. Needless to say, he didn't mind it in the least.

It was on one of these trips to town that he pondered the question, how am I to get out of this? "Well," he said to himself, "Chance got me in this, and now I'll wait for chance to get me out."

Upon his arrival in town he went immediately to the store and called to the keeper, "P-p-put up t-the u-usual th-things, D-dad P-p-parson." He then turned and went into the street.

"How in the dickens can I report to the Chief," he muttered to himself as he crossed the street toward the railroad station. "Well, Tommy, you've got to get word to him some way that you are right in the center of things up here. Oh, I b-b-beg m-my p-pardon."

This last was said to someone into whom he had walked. Ah, in his pocket was a bit of paper. This was its message: "We are ready when you are." Signed, Captain Tilden.

They were there. Glancing about him he could see many of his comrades in plain clothes. They had been enjoying themselves at his expense.

After getting his supplies from the store, he stepped into the wagon. Slowly he left the town followed by one or two wagons which didn't seem to anyone to be following him.

He arrived in camp a few moments ahead of the other wagons, and as it was noon hour, the men were all gathered about the

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mess hall. Tom's pocket seem to have a bulgy something in it, but it didn't attract the men's notice.

They were all busy eating when a voice cried from the door, "Stick them up."

They did this without a moment's hesitation. Tom, aided by other men of the Mounted, collected their weapons. They were in the hands of the Royal Mounted! And, this had been brought about by the stupid Tommy who was now talking English without a hitch in his tongue! No words can describe the discomfiture of the men when they saw how they had been taken in by that dull, stupid, stuttering youth, Tommy.

Catherine Gilley.

JIM KALE'S RACE

There lived in Kentucky an old man named Cassy. Cassy had once been a wonderful athlete, but now he was old and rather out of practice.

One day Jim Kale came to Kentucky in search of Cassy. Jim was an athlete at Amherst. He had entered in a cross-country run, but the coach said Jim didn't have the proper training in his youth. Poor Jim. He wanted to win this race because it would make his mother proud of him. He had given up hope of running when he found an old newspaper. He glanced at it with curiosity, and to his surprise saw the picture of the greatest runner in the records. Thus it happened that Jim Kale came to Kentucky in search of Cassy.

At nine o'clock Cassy was awakened by a pounding on his front door. He slipped out of bed and opened the door. Much to his surprise he saw a well-dressed, smiling young fellow. At sight of Cassy, the young fellow gave a relieved smile and entered the small cottage. He briefly explained his business and seemed quite pleased with Cassy's offer.

Next morning two figures could be seen running easily through the early morning dew. Although Cassy was old, he ran with the infinite ease and grace of a trained runner. Mile after mile unwound beneath his feet. With head thrown back, chest held high, and arms and legs moving in perfect unison, he ran on and on seemingly unaware of the labored breathing of his companion. At last, he rounded a turn, flashed a smile in Jim's grim face, and increased his stride until he was running as no one had ever run before and never has run since. Jim tried to increase his pace, but was unable to do so. When he reached the old man's cottage, Cassy was waiting with a smiling countenance. He told Jim to take a shower and an alcohol rub and then report to him. After Jim appeared, Cassy handed him a paper which outlined the route which they had followed that day. This was to be the regular training track. Each morning they followed the same program. In the meantime, the two followed a rigid menu. Many times Cassy told Jim that he had to use all his reserve in order to obtain a con-

siderable lead at the end of the run. After two months of this, Jim returned to Amherst. He had induced Cassy to go with him.

REVENGE

Gossip, story telling, and criticism prevail in many small towns but the town of which I am thinking carries these characteristics to such an extent that a new comer is always impressed by the comicalness of them. On entering the village, if you are recognized as one not of that vicinity, a person will turn a complete circle in order to watch your approach and your departure and no sooner have you left than tongues begin to wag, "Where's he from? How old do you judge he is? Where do you s'pose he's goin'?" All these questions they ask each other, and if they have the good fortune to meet the person in one of the stores, they ask him the questions directly. The town of which I am speaking is Mountainville, and it has its own much talked of character, "Captain Davis."

Making people appear ridiculous was Captain Davis' chief ambition and delight. Already he had made several people the laughing stock of the town. Now, his one hope was to get back at Lizzie Joyce, for that pepper filled cake she had given him for his birthday. "How could he do it? Ah! an idea!"

Contrary to the story telling characteristics of Captain Davis were those of the suspicious Lizzie Joyce. Hers were those of a gossip and she deeply resented Captain Davis' yarns that led to the folly of many of her old cronies. Hence, the pepper filled cake! If she had only stopped to think, she might have known that he would get even with her for it, for Captain Davis' ideals were far from those of a gentleman, and a little "moonshine" that was brought to the shores of the Isle helped a great deal to bring to an end Lizzie Joyce's spite.

In the course of events Saturday morning finally arrived. Why this of all mornings should he chose is still a mystery, but, as it happened, Lizzie arrived at the store just as Captain Davis was beginning one of his yarns—only this one he declared was true. Everyone gathered close to hear, and far be it for Lizzie to miss anything that might prove interesting.

Toothacre Cavern was the setting of the story. This cavern was situated on the shore of the Toothacre lots where huge rock cliffs rose and fell along the water's edge. Toothacre House was many, many years old, and the stories associated with it and its adjacent property were numerous. The cavern, years ago, had been the size of a small structured room, but now the back part of the opening had caved in having room for only a man to crouch into. In front of the cave stretched out a short strip of beautiful sandy beach but to the west of the cave was a cliff where the water rose to such a height that a boat could easily land. Captain Kid in his many

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exploits had landed by the cliff of the "Toothacre" property and left there a part of his treasure and with the treasure a jug of magic water. The belief was that anyone drinking this water would regain his long lost beauty. The treasures had been hidden in small niches at the right hand side of the cave. This the Captain knew, but because of the paralysis that had left his arms and hands useless, he was unable to move the stone that securely held the treasure, but did not hide it.

A door slammed! Lizzie Joyce had left even though the story had not quite finished. No one took any particular notice of her departure, the only recognition being a slight chuckle from Captain Davis. The story continued.

No doubt, we would be well rewarded if we lingered to hear more of the Captain's yarns, but I must confess my curiosity makes it necessary for me to follow Lizzie Joyce. Where was she going? Could it be possible that she had believed Captain Davis' story! She must have, or she wouldn't be started in that direction.

The progress of her travels not being anywhere near as interesting as the result of her destination, it will be only necessary to say that Lizzie at last reached the cave. Yes, the box and jug were there and in a very short time were tugged out on the beach. In what seemed less than a second, the top of the box was snatched off, and in the box was a mass of golden coins. "If Captain Davis had been right about the treasure—then indeed, why shouldn't he be right about the magic water?" This was the only thought that was running in Lizzie's superstitious mind. "At least it would do no harm to try the stuff. Ugh! What an awful taste! How much would it be necessary to drink? Two glasses would have to do."

How Lizzie at last reached the village again, I do not know, but at the first sight of her a crowd began to gather. Swaying from side to side and singing as loudly as her lungs would permit, she staggered down the street. Surely such a comical spectacle had never before been seen in Mountainville.

Those who were watching Captain Davis wondered why the poor man was so purple in the face. Little did they know the thoughts that were running in his mind. "Magic water, indeed! How much of that 'moonshine' could that silly old goose have drunk? Those old gilded shells must have worked well for a treasure!"

Ruth E. Dyer, '30.

Wiggins: "This is the plot of a mystery story I'm writing for the Echo: A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house; they climb a wall and force open a window. As they enter the room, the clock strikes one—

Admiring listener: (breathlessly) "Which one?"

YE SOPHISTICATED SOPHS

Press onward and forward, schoolmates all!

At present we're sophisticated sops, till next fall.

But spring is here, and with it comes strength,

And we'll be juniors and seniors at length.

Now we have dear old Caesar, tried and true,

But he's nothing like Cicero, I'm telling you!

And there's geometry in my long list, But we'll soon see Euclid through the mist.

And there's history and French, we all like well,

There's many a long beautiful name to spell,

Next year we'll be real Frenchmen, and how!

Even to their polite manner and courtly bow.

Just think how good and grammatical our speech;

When we forget to say "ain't", Ma will screech.

Such sudden changes don't go well with her,

Speaking French, asking for some "bon buerre".

Oh well, that's as it should be, you know, Life has ups and downs as the winds blow.

Remember you'll no longer be sophisticated Sops;

You'll be advanced to Juniors, Look out for moths.

E. H. Mann.

KING FOR A DAY

I caught a glimpse of a winding road
That seemed to run away,
Through the green roads, over far off hills,
To where the red sun lay.

I heard the sound of the river's song,
Over the mountain wall.

I felt the rush of the laughing wind
And hastened to its call.

I took the trail of the winding road.
So close to Nature's heart.

I dreamed that all of the world was mine,
A king, I played my part.

Mountains, brave streams, and the valley fair,
Their beauty with me shared.

'Twas just as thro' some unseen hand,
Magic and music paired.

I'll keep that day in my treasure chest,
A mem'ry tucked away,

Of how I dreamed in that magic realm
I ruled as king one day.

Myron Holbrook, '30.

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MR. CHAMPION

The last bell rang, and we all passed
 From our rooms to the assembly hall,
 And there we saw the man at last,
 The champion of them all.

He favored us first with a little talk
 On many things important to know,
 And then he made those poor keys hop.
 "Oh boy," didn't they go!

He typed at various rates and speeds
 That none of us e'er shall forget
 We all did learn of our many needs
 And noted them with much regret.

We Seniors had thought ourselves quite
 great.

When in Miss Collins' typewriting class,
 But the day when he typed at that rate,
 Showed all of us up at last.
 Christina Callahan, '30.

AUTUMN

The Autumn is the season
 That I love best of all,
 When nature robes in glory,
 To welcome in the fall.

The leaves turn many colors,
 First yellow, red, then brown;
 The winds soon whistle through them
 And then they tumble down.

The skies are always clearest,
 The harvest moon we see;
 Oh! Yes, I love the Autumn,
 It is the best for me.
 Mildred Ernest, '32.

Oh winged bird, if I were you,
 I'd fly to the sky of azure blue,
 Then rest my wings on a lonely cloud
 While down below the wind whistled loud.

Or—I'd go to the South where the palm
 trees grow.

Far away from the winter's snow—
 I'd build my nest in the tallest palm,
 And live in the joy of fragrant balm.

But I am a tree and can only sway
 In the place where God would have me
 stay,
 While you, joyful birds, fly to and fro
 And flutter away when it starts to snow.
 Ruth E. Dyer, '30.

ON POETRY

Some people think that poetry is
 So stupid and so dull,
 They often say it should be made
 Illegal, void, and null.

They quite agree with him who said,
 (E'en though it's in a verse!)
 "Poems are made by fools like me."
 A fool could do no worse.

But I do not agree with those
 Who have this point of view.
 I think that verse is something we
 Should value. Now, don't you?

For poetry gives a different touch
 To all things commonplace,
 And makes attractive many things
 Which we may have to face.

So if you'll carefully study it,
 You'll surely find delight,
 And when I say that it's a joy,
 You'll say that I'm quite right.
 Pauline Blanchard, '30.

RAIN

Do you like to listen to the rain
 As it dashes on the window pane,
 To see the drops come pelting down?
 Do you smile . . . or do you frown?

Have you listened in the still of night
 To its pattering so soft and light
 On the roof above or on the trees
 Accompanied by a whispering breeze?

The soft-falling rain to the weary mind
 Gives the calmness and peace one longs to
 find;
 It gives rest from the tiresome tasks of the
 day
 And scatters the troubles and cares away.

But when it comes with a rush and a roar,
 And the wind is whistling outside the
 door,
 We like to sit by the fire and read
 And to the rain pay little heed.

But "variety is the spice of life,"
 Making living worth while the strife,
 Our lives change even as the rain.
 'Tis well. Else what would be our gain?
 Pauline Blanchard, '30.

FAREWELL

As now the days are drawing nigh
 When we must leave dear Sumner High,
 We think of all the happy days
 And the pleasures we had in many ways.

From all our classmates we must part,
 And up that winding path we start,
 For we each have a different view
 Of future things we wish to do.

We'll always remember our teachers, too,
 In giving lessons that were not a few.
 They made us study from morn till noon,
 But that will now be over soon.

Sumner High we soon will leave,
 Our hopes for the future we begin to
 weave.
 So now we utter with a sigh,
 Goodby, Dear Sumner; Sumner, goodby.
 D. Loeffler, '30.

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A STUDY IN RELATIVITY

What a Boy Finds
Hard:

Running an errand.

Paring potatoes.
Turning a grind-
stone.

Doing a sum.

Minding a baby.

Winding a ball of
yarn.

Carrying coal at
home.

Sitting still.

What a Boy Find
Easy:

Running after a fire
engine.

Whittling a veranda.
Turning an ice cream
freezer.

Solving a puzzle.

Fussing with a dog.

Winding a string
baseball

Carrying bats at a
ball park.

Fishing.

* * *

G. Kelley: "How can you make sure your engine is not missing?"

T. Flye: "By looking under the hood to see if it is there."

* * *

Miss Megley: "When combining the word 'full' with another word, as in 'careful' or 'fulfill', always drop one of the 'l's'."

S. White: "Which 'l'?"

* * *

Miss Megley: "And who was Plato?"

S. White: "The god of the underworld."

* * *

Gordon Dyer was enjoying himself in Algebra class.

Mr. Walsh: "Afternoon session, Dyer."

Dyer: "What for?"

Mr. Walsh: "For nothing, of course. You didn't expect to get paid, did you?"

* * *

White: "There are several things that I can always count on."

Drummond: "What are they?"

White: "My fingers."

* * *

Short-sighted lady: "Is this the head cheese?"

Harry Wiggins (working in A. & P.): "No ma'm, I'm only one of his assistants."

* * *

Baker: "Yesterday I stepped into the street, held up my arm, and stopped a runaway horse."

Batchelder: "That's nothing. Today I stepped up to the curb, held up two fingers, and stopped a taxicab."

* * *

Where's the school a goin'

And what's it goin' to do,

And how's it goin' to do it,

When the Class of '30 gets through.

R. Martin: "What part of the body is the fray?"

W. Hancock: "Fray? What are you talking about?"

R. Martin: "Well, this book says that Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray."

* * *

Percival Plunkit thinks that:

Vaudeville is some country town.

Rex Beach is a well known summer resort.

An Israelite is a new kind of electric light.

Rudy Vallee is a place between two hills.

* * *

Miss K.: "Speaking of electricity, it makes me think—"

F. C.: "Isn't it wonderful what electricity will do."

* * *

G. Whitcomb: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

"Fat," Dyer: "Where did you say you were from?"

* * *

Fresh Freshie: "Surveying a little?"

Engineer: "No, surveying a lot."

* * *

Central: "8—1—2 Green?"

S. White: "No, drank one too soon."

* * *

Allan MacKinlay went into a restaurant and ordered a piece of Washington pie. The waiter didn't know what Washington pie was, but he didn't wish to show his ignorance, so he brought Allan a piece of chocolate pie.

Allan took one look at the chocolate pie and yelled, "Hey, I meant George Washington pie, not Booker T. Washington."

* * *

Miss Richardson (reading notice) "Miss Dowd will not be here today. Pupils will follow regular Friday program."

MacKinlay: "Fish again!"

Miss Knutson: "Name a liquid that won't freeze."

Hayden: "Hot water."

* * *

MacKinlay: (rooting around the gym) "Who swiped my other sneaker? I can't find it anywhere!"

Hugh Smith: "Here it is. I've been keeping my violin in it."

* * *

Abe: "Do you play golf vit knickers?"

Levi: "No, vit vite peoples only."

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